

and gone so soon! Life! how precarious! Earth's fairest scenes and most alluring prospects, oh! how frequently are they overclouded with pain, diseases, accidents, or death.—Yes! all on earth is *Vanity*! our brightest hopes are in a moment darken'd, and often vanish in the morning of our days, as the early dew at the rising of the sun; our promises of happiness and expectations of felicity, are blasted and destroyed in the twinkling of an eye.

What then is youth, but vanity? and our terrestrial enjoyments, but vexation of spirit? nothing here below is permanent and abiding; a few years more at most, it may be only *days*, and I myself must die; tho' now I'm young, in health, and free from pain, I tremble to reflect, how soon I may be numbered with the silent dead.—Yes, I know I must ere long die as well as others, but where I shall be after death, and what will be the condition of my soul when separated from my body, alas! who can tell?

When the shadows of the evening shall be succeeded by the gloomy veil of night, these verdant fields, and yonder charming prospect of distant hills and vales and opening glades, will lose their charms and be no longer seen; thus will it be with the pleasing enchantments of riches, youth and beauty, when the last enemy of nature shall close my weary

eye-lids, and all things on earth shall be no more to me."

Here *Theron* stopt, and after writing with a pencil, the following pathetic lines on *Eliza's* monument, expressing his sentiments on the vanity, and lamenting the frailty of every sublunary pleasure, returned to his habitation, while the moon, in silver pride, rode solemn thro' the skies.

Happy the man, and he alone appears,  
Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,  
Survey'd the sun, earth, ocean, clouds and  
flame,  
Returns well-satisfied from whence he came.  
Tho' life's an hundred years, or e'er so few,  
'Tis repetition all and nothing new.

Death is the certain end of all that live,  
Health may prolong, but can't the debt forgive,  
Then why procrastinate the wholesome hour,  
When the next moment is beyond your  
power?  
Millions have lived upon to-morrow's name,  
And, dying, found to-morrow never came.  
Life, how precarious! but how sure our  
doom!

Even cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.

P

Hence,